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Bristol News.

FRIDAY, December 24, 1869.

Death of Mark Anthony.

I am dying Egypt, dying,
Else the crimson lifefold faints,
And the red winds blow up on me all,
Gather on the evening blast,
Let these arms, O'Green, support me!
I have no strength left, but I
Listen to the great heart's secret
Then and then alone must bear.

Through my sacred and veteran legions
Bear them. Hurts high no more,
Let us weep and scattered gallants
From the glorious field of battle sweep away.
Friends and brothers will come,
I leave all, like a Roman
With the great Tribune still.

Let not Caesar's own relatives
Mock the fallen when last laid low,

No Roman's hand shall slay him.

There'll follow on this blow.

Here his star-fates quits away.

His last words were these—

Wildly sing a wold away.

Should the base pheasants day
Sing like the lark, to the sun's bright beams,
When my colleagues Ottavia
Were with her widowed home,
Gave up the spirit, and laid me
Anxiously clinging to her lips.

That her blood with mine commingled,
Shall stand now the throned of kings.

But for her, star-died Egyptian of the Nile,
Light of the world, to the sun's bright beams,
With the splendor of thy smile,
Gave up the spirit, and laid me
Anxiously clinging to her lips.

Let us now exult and swell

With the great Tribune still.

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